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THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

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TOSEPH K. OAKES,

A little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee that has so much to bear; A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair. Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight You do not prize this blessing overmuch, Yet almost are too tired to pray to night.

TIRED MOTHERS.

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day,-We are so dull and thankless; and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away. And now it seems surpassing strange to me, That, while I were the badge of motherhood I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly, The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest, You miss this elbow from your tired knee; This restless curling head from off your breast This lisping tongue that chatters constantly; If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped, And ne'er would nestle in your palm again ; If the white feet into the grave had tripped, I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children clinging at their gown ; An Work executed at lowest rates. Office hours Or that the footprint, when the days are wet, Are ever black enough to make them frown. If I could find a little muddy boot, Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor; If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot, And hear it patter in my house once more :

> If I could mend a broken cart to-day, To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky-There is no woman in God's world could say She was more blissfully content than I. But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
> Is never rumpled by a shining head;
> My singing birdling from its nest is flown; The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A Word to the Wise-Keep so. Epitaph for a photographer-Taken from

To keep the Indians quiet requires con siderable Ingin-annuity. Female clerks impair the romance of shop

Red-hot nails fall on the heads of visitors to a haunted house in Georgia. A young lady "took a horn" the other

day in church and nobody was shocked. His first name was William. A hatter advertises that "'Watt's an the Mind' is of great importance, but what's on

the head is of greater.' A female student of medicine wants \$20 obtain for the night?" 'to buy a man to cut up." Most women can cut up a man cheaper than that.

An invalid in Indiana, for whom leeches were prescribed, took them internally and wants them cooked next time.

a boy makes a wry face when he takes his first "nip" of old Bourbon. It is said that the newspapers are the

means of a great many ladies "getting their Down-easters claim that it was necessary times to splice the telegraph poles in some places

in Maine to keep the wires above the snow-A Minnesota youth hit his horse with gun to make him go. The horse went, the gun went, and three fingers went

of \$3 for "taking paupers to the menag-straight on until lights gleamed fitfully Montclair, Bloomfield and New

> An old edition of Morse's Geography says: gable-ends to the streets."

> Miss Faithful is pained to see that many American girls professing to be highly educated are merely "dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments.'

"The manufacture of wine from grapes is coming into favor in Virginia." They used to make it out of crab-apples and copperas, but the cemeteries got to filling up too rapidly.

The Utica Herald says: A cow on Corn Hill kicked the pump over yesterday and broke her leg. The cow must die, but the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread. milkman hopes to be able to continue in business. He thinks he can fix the pump.

A retired actress has been teaching elocution to the children in Carson City, and the alacrity. old people declare that all the young folks "beeyoutifool skeey," and "the nobul

Josh Billings says: "I don't expekt enny poodle, but if ennybody duz giv me one he must make up his mind to be tied onto a long stick every Saturday, and used for washing the windows on the outside."

18 years in Bloomfield. Residence, Washington Street, Oregon newspapers have a comprehensive idea of trade, according to this extract loquy. from one of them: "Everything promises splendidly for a brisk spring trade. Nine new saloons are going up and two stage loads of beautiful frizzle-haired, bar-tenders are expected next week from 'Frisco, which will CARPENTER AND BUILDER, set things moving in town."

> Here is how an auctioneer's dialect i fadollafdollafadollafadollafadollathat's bid now, give more'f ye want it! Half-a-dollar five-eights three-quarters—Three-quarters I'm bid-will you say a dollar for this standard work octavo best edition harf morock- the table. er extry? Three-quarters I'm bid, threequarters will ye give any more? Three quarters, threequartthee-quart-theequawt-thee-quawt one dollar shall I have?"

A Danbury young man who was once a clerk, lately went on a farm to work. The first night in his new position he was detailed to remove a calf from the apartment of please. I must walk to B station in its parent to another shed, and while en- time for the seven o'clock express." BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY, gaged, as thousands have been before him, in shoving the contrary beast along, the mother reached under his coat with her threatened to shatter every bone in his body. The first thing on returning to the earth was to rub himself, the next thing was to throw up his place. He said he didn't doubt that thought; that will soothe my nerves and agriculture was a noble pursuit, and that the quiet me, perhaps. farmer needed an assistant in the discharge New York Offices : No 7 Park Place, near Broadway of his multifarious duties, but he didn't be-No. 72 Warren street ; No. 22 College Place, cor. Chambers Street ; and at the Railroad depots, Montclair and skylights in cow sheds.

A Midnight Peril.

The night of the 17th of October-shall I ever forget its pitch darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the forest, and the incessant down pour of the rain?

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees, I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought of the possible consequences of a mistep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been content to keep in the right road?

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the down the precipitous descent.

to destruction and death.

" Halloo-o-o !" figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cape, or down.

"What's wanting?" he snarled forth, with a peculiar motion of his lips that

seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare. "I am lost in the woods; can't you di-

rect me to R___station?" "Twelve miles?"

"I stood aghast."

Can you tell me of any shelter I could Where are you going?"

"Is it a tavern?" There is nothing singular in the fact that

"Would they take me for the night?

could pay them well." His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood relieved once more.

"I guess so; folks do stop there some-

Le it far from here?" "Not very; about a half a mile." "Then let us make haste and reach it. I

am drenched to the skin.' We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we The overseer of the poor in a Vermont left the edge of the ravine, entering what town set down in his annual report a charge seemed like a trackless woods, and keeping

through the wet foliage. It was a ruinous old place, with the win-Albany has 400 dwelling houses, and 2,- dow-fall drawn to one side, as if the foun-400 inhabitants, all standing with their dation had settled, and the pillars of the rude porch nearly rotted away.

> knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

modations; but I was welcome to such as seven miles from B-"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet." I sat down on a wooden bench beside the

"I should like to retire as soon as possiole," said I, for my weariness was excessive. "Certainly," the woman started with

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.' "Up chamber." "Put him in Isaac's room."

' No."

"I am not particular-I don't care where

you lodge me; only make haste, please." So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment sealed with sloping beams given in "Scrope, or the Lost Library," in a cot bedstead, crowded closely against the ing for a doctor, when her senses had re-Old and New. "Half-a-dollar, halfadollar board partition, and a pine table, with two chairs, formed the sole attempts at furni-

> The woman set the lamp—an oil lamp on us all. Are you ill? "Anything more can I get you sir? said

"Nothing, thank you." "I hope you will aleep well, sir. When

shall I call you?" "At four o'clock in the morning, if you

"I will be sure to call you sir." She withdrew leaving me alone in the horns, and suddenly lifted him up against gloomy little apartment. I sat down and the roof of the building with a force that looked around me with no very agreeable

"I will set down and write to Alice,"

I descended the ladder. The fire still panion and the woman sat beside it, talking but Alice surely saved my life,

in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table, eating-a short, stout, villainous looking man, in red flannel shirt and very

muddy pantaloons. ed to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice." I paused, I laid down my pen as I constrange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered did I "Oh! it is you, is it? Do you know, I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper, I happened to glance towards my couch.

-Was-it the gleam of a human eye ob- friend to the dear little mice?" observing me through the board petition, or was it my own fancy. There was a crack there, but only blackness beyond. Yet I wind would seize me bodily and hurl me could have sworn that something had spark- your breakfast, I won't bore you. Fine led blanefully at me.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was I took out my watch, it was only one would lay down in my clothes and snatch My voice ran through the woods like a what slumber I could. So, placing my clarion. I plunged onward through tang- valise close to the head of my bed, and led vines, dense briers and rocky banks, barricading the lockless door with two until gradually nearing I could perceive a chairs. I extinguished the light and lay

cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light At first I was very wakeful, but gradually at smiling when in the humor, fell upon his face, I almost recoiled. Would a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me, not solitude in the woods be preferable to like a misty mantle, until all of a sudden the companionship of this withered, wrink- some startling electric thrill coursed through led old man? But it was too late to recede my veins, and I sat up, excited and tremb-

> through the room-no light of the moon did not seek to induce things to pass behind or stars was ever so penetrating-and by the him. little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back with a blue rib- very beautiful one. bon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window the fair "To Drew's, down here by the maple apparation seemed to vanish in the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. In the self same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded-I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight toward the very spot where ten seconds since my head

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumped down eight or ten feet into tangled bushes below, and, as I crouched there recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of foot-steps in my rooom
"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the lad-

der-the smooth, deceitful voice of the wo-"Of course he is," growled the voice back, that charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be

A cold agonized shudder ran over me. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I knew not what impulse guided my footsteps-I shall never know A woman answered my fellow traveler's how many times I stood at the brink of the deadly ravine, but a merciful Providence compassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint bars of orient light against the She regretted the poverty of their accom- eastern sky, I was close to the high road

On arriving at the town I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent

After much searching and false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty and our birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise and and chain, which I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police; " and they have troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, that they will come back here at present. Nor did they. But the strangest part of my story is to

come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister who "It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no."

But here I interrupted the whispered colBut here I interrupted the whispered col
"I must tell you something very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the 17th of October. Alice began a series of pulling, shaking, punchhad not been well for sometime; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week, and I was sitting by her bed read

ing. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but our efforts seemed in vain to restore her to and ventilated by one small window, where life and animation. I was just about sendturned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushed back her hair, and looked wildly about her. "Alice !" I exclaimed, "how you terrified

> "Not ill," she answered, "feel so strange, Gracie. I have been with my husband! "All our reasonings failed to convince you and was with you on the 17th of Octo- below. It says: ber: or rather on the morning of the 18th -where she cannot tell-but we think it The activities of the age, the diffusion of must have been some dream. She is better knowledge by schools, books and periodinow, and I wish you could see how fast she cals, the spirit of inquiry, the spread of infi-

is improving."

mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let will not answer to educate dullness and me-psychologists unravel the labyrinthian skein. I am not superstitous, neither do I be-ron should be a priest if he had any blemish. lieve in ghosts, wraiths or apparitions; but Even a flat nose excluded him. And the this thing I do know that although my age wants no half-baked ministers. The wife was in England in body, on the morn- west will not hear them. The east cannot ing of October 18th, her spirit stood before bear them. The heathen know too much to me in New York at the moment of the take them. They are not wanted on this deadly peril that menaced me. It may be earth. To get money to educate dull boys that to the subtle instinct and strength of a because they are pious, is robbing God, and lieve the Creator designed him for making glowed redly on the stone hearth; my com- a wife's holy love, all things are possible, a fraud upon the church. It is a crime or a

Three Funny Fables.

A. G. Bierce, formerly editor of the San Francisco News Letter, and since contributor to London Fun, is the author of the an-I asked for writing materials, and return- nexed, which he calls "Translations from the Persian of Zambri, the Parsee":

A cat, waking out of a sound sleep saw a mouse sitting just out of reach, observing cluded the words, half smiling to think her. Perceiving that, at the slightest movewhat she would say, could she know of my ment of hers, the mouse would recollect an engagement, she put on a look of exereme amiability, and said :

thought, at first, you were a frightfully great rat? and I am so afraid of rats! I feel so much relieved—you don't know! Of course you have heard that I am a great

"Yes," was the answer; "I have heard that you love us indifferently well, and my mission here was to bless you while you slept. But as you will wish to go and get

morning-isn't it ? Au recoir ! " This fable teaches that it is usually safe to avoid one who pretends to be a friend, witha light, and no ignis fatuous to lure me on o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for out having any reason to be. It wasn't safe me to undress for three hours' sleep; I in this instance, however; for the cat went after the departing rodent, and got away

> A hippopotamus, meeting an open-mouthen alligator, said to him :

"My forked friend, you may as well collapse. You are not sufficiently comprehensive to embrace me, I am myself no tyro

"I really had no expectations of taking on in," replied the other. "I have a habit of extending my hospitality impartially to all, and about seven feet wide. "You remind me," said the hippopota-

mus, "of a certain zebra, who was not ivcious at all; he merely kicked the breath on A luminous softness seemed to glow of everything that passed behind him, but

"It is quite immaterial what I remind you f." was the reply. The lesson imparted by this fable is a

A sheep, making a long journey, found the heat of his fleece very uncomfortable, and, seeing a flock of other sheep in a fold, evidently awaiting for some one, leaped over and joined them, in the hope of being shorn. Preceiving the shepherd approaching, and the other sheep huddling into a remote corner of the fold, he shouldered his way forward, and, going up to the shepherd,

"Did you ever see such a lot of fools? It's lucky I came along, to set them an example of docility. Seeing me operated upon,

"Perhaps so," replied the shepherd, laying hold of the animal's horns; "but I never kill more than one sheep at a time. Mutton won't keep in hot weather."

The chops tasted excellently well with

tomato-sauce. The moral of this fable isn't what you think it is. It is this : The chops of another man's mutton are always nice eating.

Mr. Frank Buckland describes in Land

Swallowing a Boa-Constrictor.

md Water the swallowing by a python of a bon-constrictor :- "A few days since a rabbit, was, in due course of things, put into a cage occupied by two or three boa-constrictors and pythons at the Zoological Gardens. Shortly afterward, Holland, the how many times I crossed my own track, or intelligent and obliging keeper of the snake house, was made aware, by the excitement of the visitors, that something unusual was going on. Running round the back of the cage, he saw in a minute what had happened one of the largest of the snakes had swallowed down, whole, one of his com-rades. Holland was only just in time, as the smaller snake had almost disappeared down the throat of the larger snake, there being three or four inches of his tail hanging out of one side of the mouth of this voracious snake-cannibal. Jumping immediately into the cage in a most plucky manner. Holland seized the cannibal tightly by the throat. The brute at once opened his great wide mouth, and out dropped the rabbit-dead of course. Why the rabbit should come out first, I cannot understand ; but it did. Holland then, seeing the snake number two writhing and kicking about inside snake number one, seized hold of the protruding four inches of the tail of the latter, and hauling away on it, getting out was with Alice in her English home—a let-ter whose intelligence filled me with surprise. ing in the ribs, and squeezing, till at last he succeeded in making the big snake disgorge his friend from his capacious stom-When once the smaller snake 'got way' on him, he slipped out easily enough, only stern foremost, of course. He was not hurt a bit : he simply laid on the floor of the den for a while, with his mouth open, wondering, doubtless, where he had been, and what had happened. I saw him just now, coiled up on his bough, looking quite happy. The larger snake the 'swallower' -was an Indian python, between ten and eleven feet fong; the 'swallowee' was a South American boa about six feet long."

DISCOUNT ON DULLNESS. - The New York her of the impossibility of her assertions. Observer being a religious paper, may be She presists to this moment that she saw appropriately heard on the question treated

The time has gone by for dull preachers. delity, the prevalence of doubt, the subtlety This is a plain unvarnished tale. I do of false science, demand live, strong, earnnot pretend to explain or account for its est, capable men to preach the gospel. It blunder, and sometimes both.



